



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

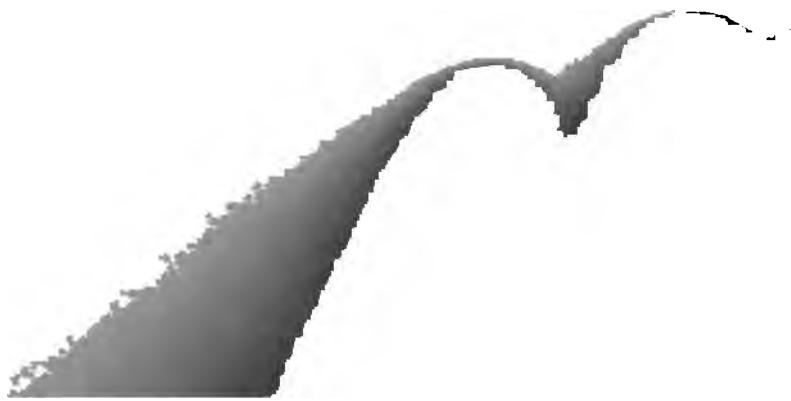
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

HN BCBA -

L. T. Tolstoy -



THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE





PLATE I

"KILL CLAUDIO"

. *Much Ado About Nothing*, act iv., scene i.

The Comedies
of William Shakespeare
with many Drawings
by Edwin A. Abbey



Printed and **P**ublished
by
Harper and **B**rothers
Franklin **S**quare **N**ew **Y**ork
1 8 9 6

+842.1895

P.

HG 1895



414348

Copyright, 1895, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

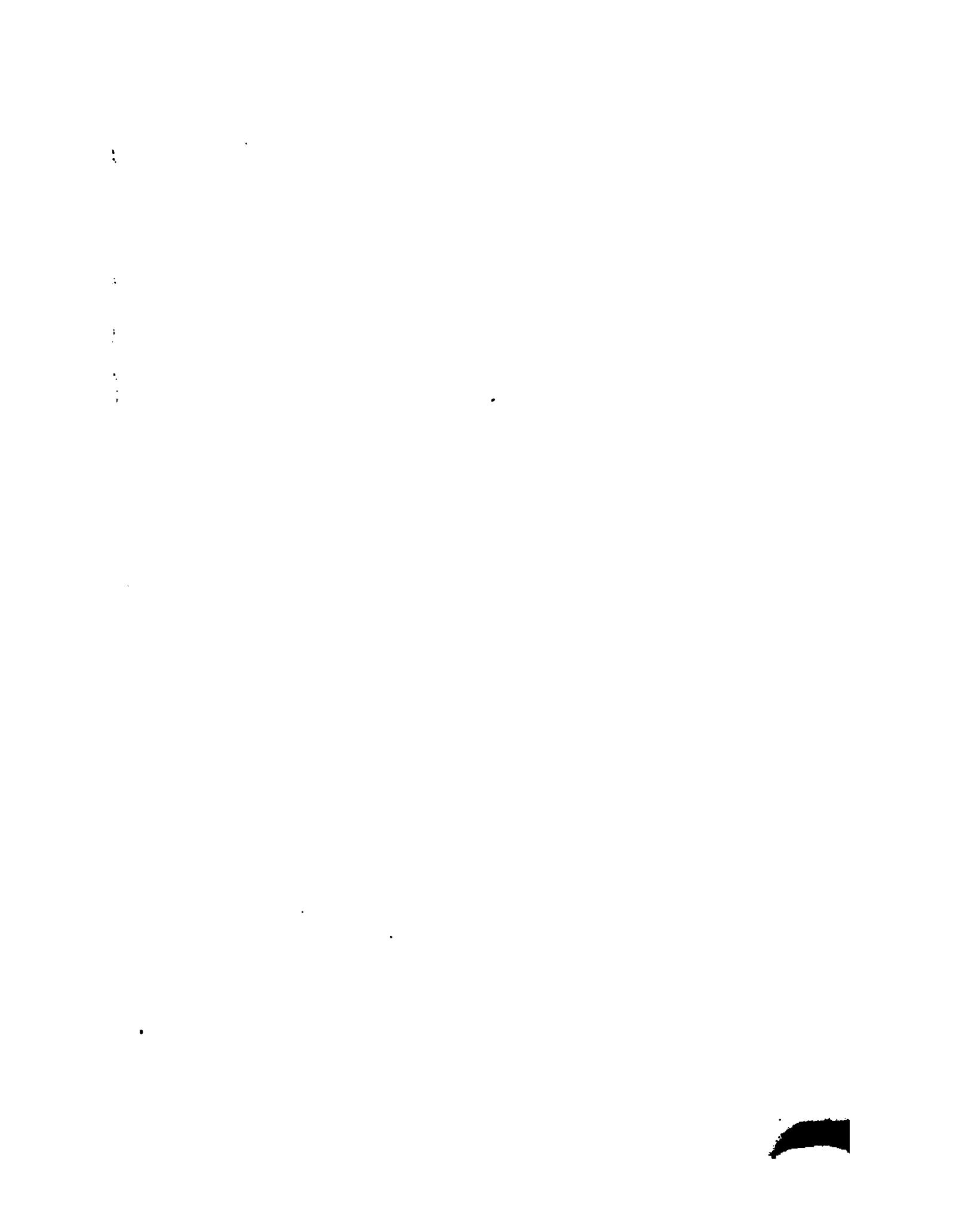
All rights reserved.



Complete in 4 Vols.

Volume 1.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
AS YOU LIKE IT
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
THE TEMPEST



LIST OF PHOTOGRAVURES

Much Ado About Nothing

1. KILL CLAUDIO	6. AGAINST MY WILL, I AM SENT TO BID YOU COME IN TO DINNER
2. WHAT, MY DEAR LADY DISDAIN! ARE YOU YET LIVING?	7. SHE'S LIM'D, I WARRANT YOU
3. WILL YOU HAVE ME, LADY?	8. DOST THOU NOT SUSPECT MY PLACE?
4. ONLY TO DESPISE THEM, I WILL ENDEAVOUR ANYTHING	9. DONE TO DEATH BY SLANDEROUS TONGUES WAS THE HERO THAT HERE LIES
5. SIGH NO MORE, LADIES	

As You Like It

10. WILT THOU LAY HANDS ON ME, VILLAIN?	15. JAQUES
11. HE CALLS US BACK. MY PRIDE FELL WITH MY FORTUNES	16. IT IS TEN O'CLOCK. THUS MAY WE SEE, QUOTH HE, HOW THE WORLD WAGS
12. MISTRESS, DISPATCH YOU WITH YOUR SAFEST HASTE	17. GIVE ME YOUR HAND, ORLANDO
13. ORLANDO AND ADAM	18. AUDREY
14. IN THE FOREST	19. YOU DO LOVE THIS MAID?

The Comedy of Errors

20. GO BEAR IT TO THE CENTAUR	24. LET MY MASTER IN, LUCE
21. WHAT MEAN YOU, SIR?	25. TEACH ME, DEAR CREATURE
22. WHY, MISTRESS, SURE MY MASTER IS HORN-MAD	26. OH, BIND HIM, BIND HIM, LET HIM NOT COME NEAR ME
23. AY, AY, ANTIPOHOLUS, LOOK STRANGE AND FROWN	27. METHINKS YOU ARE MY GLASS, AND NOT MY BROTHER

The Tempest

28. THE SHIPWRECK 29. WHERE SHOULD THIS MUSIC BE? 30. TRINCULO AND CALIBAN 31. FERDINAND MEETS MIRANDA 32. CALIBAN, STEFANO, AND TRINCULO (ARIEL INVISIBLE)	33. THE BANQUET 34. THE SPELL 35. MIRANDA AND FERDINAND 36. PROSPERO AND ARIEL
--	---

THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE



The Comedies
of William Shakespeare
with many Drawings
by Edwin Abbey



LHM

1880 AD 1880

Printed and Published
by
Dover and Son
Franklin Square New York

1 5 9 6

PLATE I

"KILL CLAUDIO"

• *Much Ado About Nothing*, act iv., scene i.

The Comedies
of William Shakespeare
with many Drawings
by Edwin Abbey



Printed and Published
by
Harper and Brothers
Franklin Square New York
1 8 9 6



Complete in 4 Vols.

Volume 1.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
AS YOU LIKE IT
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
THE TEMPEST

The Tempest

28. THE SHIPWRECK 29. WHERE SHOULD THIS MUSIC BE? 30. TRINCULO AND CALIBAN 31. FERDINAND MEETS MIRANDA 32. CALIBAN, STEFANO, AND TRINCULO (ARIEL INVISIBLE)	33. THE BANQUET 34. THE SPELL 35. MIRANDA AND FERDINAND 36. PROSPERO AND ARIEL
--	---

Much Ado About Nothing



PERSONS REPRESENTED

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*
DON JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence, favorite
to Don Pedro.*
BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua, favorite
likewise of Don Pedro.*
LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*
ANTONIO, *his Brother.*
BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Don Pedro.*
BORACHIO } *Followers of Don John.*
CONRADE }
DOGBERRY } *Two foolish Officers.*
VERGES }
A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*
BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*
MARGARET } *Gentlewomen attending on Hero.*
URSULA }

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina.

Much Ado About Nothing

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Enter LEONATO, Governor of Messina, IMOGEN his wife, HERO his daughter, and BEATRICE his niece, with a Messenger.*

LEONATO. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. Oh, he's returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He had done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath helped to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady. But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man; but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece; there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse: for it is all

the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: and he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, *and* JOHN THE BASTARD.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it fully, Benedick : we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself: be happy, lady ! for you are like an honorable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick ; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain ! are you yet living ?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick ? Courtesy itself must convert to Disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is Courtesy a turn-coat: but it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted, and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women ; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind ! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: but keep your way in God's name ; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick ; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay

PLATE 2

"WHAT, MY DEAR LADY DISDAIN! ARE YOU YET LIVING?"

Much Ado About Nothing, act i., scene i.





1961

him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage, and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it—

Pedro. The sixth of July. Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometimes guarded with fragments, and the guards are but lightly basted on neither; ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir. Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I looked upon her with a soldier's eye, That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love: But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant; in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the hearer with a book of words: If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it, And I will break with her. Was't not to this end

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love, That know love's grief by his complexion!

But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the
flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity:
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'st,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Enter LEONATO and an Old Man, brother
to LEONATO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your
son? Hath he provided this music?

Old. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can
tell you news that you yet dreamed not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Old. As the events stamp them; but they have a
good cover, they show well outward. The prince and
Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleashed alley in
my orchard, were thus overheard by a man of mine.
The prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my
niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this
night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he
meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly
break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and
question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it ap-
pears itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal,
that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if
peradventure this be true. Go, you, and tell her of it.

Cousins, you know what you have to do. Oh, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousins, have a care this busy time. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Enter Sir JOHN THE BASTARD, and CONRADE his companion.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any; in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in

the meantime let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I will make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper squire! And who, and who, which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference. I whipt behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and, having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Enter LEONATO, his brother, his wife, HERO his daughter, and BEATRICE his niece, and a kinsman.*

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Bro. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face.

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world—if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Bro. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst; I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woolen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man; and he that is more

than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:* so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day's long.

Bro. Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *As it please you:* but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you; if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wo'd in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancentry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* BALTHAZAR, *or* DUMB JOHN, *maskers with a drum.*

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Love.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well unless you

PLATE 3

"WILL YOU HAVE *ME*, LADY?"

Much Ado About Nothing, act ii., scene i.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. Oh, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her: she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed; she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Enter CLAUDIO and BEATRICE, LEONATO, HERO.

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pygmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure this lady tongue. [Exit.]

Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I give him use for it, a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true, though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good-will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin, or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in my heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon. [Exit BEATRICE.]

Prince. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. Oh, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

Prince. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till Love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer mind.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labors; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

Prince. And you, too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Prince. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know; thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved valor, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humor your cousin that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practice on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Enter JOHN and BORACHIO.*

John. It is so: the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me. I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in that to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince, your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go, then, find me a meet hour to draw on Pedro and the Count Claudio alone; tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio (as in a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match) and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding; for, in the meantime, I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truths of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

PLATE 4

**"ONLY TO DESPITE THEM, I WILL ENDEAVOUR ANY-
THING"**

Much Ado About Nothing, act ii., scene ii.

*Sing no more ditties, sing no moe
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Prince. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Prince. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. And he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hang'd him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Prince. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [Exit BALTHAZAR.

Prince. Do so; farewell. Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. Oh, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Prince. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be she doth but counterfeit!

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

Prince. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Prince. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me. I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

Prince. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed; so your daughter says: *Shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper. My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. Oh! when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet!

Claud. That.

Leon. Oh! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; railed at herself that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. *I measure him, says she, by my own spirit; for I should flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses. *O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

Prince. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Prince. And he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Prince. In everything but in loving Benedick.

Leon. Oh, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Prince. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have doff'd all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

Prince. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Prince. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

Prince. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prince. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Prince. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your

niece. Shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

Prince. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Prince. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

Bene. This can be no trick. The conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have the full bent. Love me? why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage. But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain

awe a man from the career of his humor? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady! I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [Exit.]

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her I am a villain; if I do not love her I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [Exit.]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Enter HERO and two Gentlemen, MARGARET, and URSULA.*

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour; There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the Prince and Claudio. Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where honey-suckles, ripened by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter; like favorites

Made proud by princes that advance their pride
 Against that power that bred it; there will she hide
 her

To listen our purpose. This is thy office;
 Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
 As we do trace this alley up and down
 Our talk must only be of Benedick:
 When I do name him, let it be thy part
 To praise him more than ever man did merit.
 My talk to thee must be how Benedick
 Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
 Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
 That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin.

Enter BEATRICE.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
 Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
 Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
 And greedily devour the treacherous bait.
 So angle we for Beatrice, who even now
 Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
 Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
 Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.
 No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
 I know her spirits are as coy and wild
 As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
 That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
 But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
 To wish him wrestle with affection,
 And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

PLATE 5

"SIGH NO MORE, LADIES"

Much Ado About Nothing, act ii, scene iii.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Prince. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

Prince. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him to be truly touch'd with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

Prince. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prince. What, sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one cannot master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

Prince. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

Prince. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

Prince. Nay, he rubs himself with civet. Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love.

Prince. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Prince. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lutestring and now governed by stops.

Prince. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prince. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

Prince. She shall be buried with her face upward.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

Prince. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter JOHN THE BASTARD.

Bast. My lord and brother, God save you.

Prince. Good den, brother.

Bast. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

Prince. In private?

Bast. If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

Prince. What's the matter?

Bast. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

Prince. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Bast. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath helped to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill-spent, and labour ill-bestowed!

Prince. Why, what's the matter?

Bast. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened (for she hath been too long a talking of), the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

Bast. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse. Think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant. Go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber window entered, even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Prince. I will not think it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night, why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Prince. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till night, and let the issue show itself.

Prince. Oh, day untowardly turned!

Claud. Oh, mischief strangely thwarting!

Bast. Oh, plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Enter DOGBERRY and his Compartner with the Watch.*

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

Watch 1. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

Watch 2. Both which, master constable—

Dogb. You have. I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Watch 2. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Watch 2. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch 2. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baas, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought

to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good-night; and there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good-night. Come, neighbour.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge. Let us go sit here upon the church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade?

Watch. Peace, stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldest rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

PLATE 6

**"AGAINST MY WILL, I AM SENT TO BID YOU COME IN
TO DINNER"**

Much Ado About Nothing, act ii., scene iii.

shame her with what he saw overnight, and send her home again without a husband.

Watch 1. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

Watch 2. Call up the right master-constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

Watch 1. And one Deformed is one of them. I know him, he wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters.

Watch 2. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters, never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Enter HERO and MARGARET and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

Marg. Troth, I think your other rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. Oh, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours. Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine,

quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence, *a husband*: and bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in *the heavier for a husband*? None, I think, and it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy. Ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good-morrow, coze.

Beat. Good-morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye *Light o' love* with your heels?—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

Marg. Oh, illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill, hey-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, and you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin ; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed ! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O God, help me ! God help me ! how long have you profess'd apprehension ?

Marg. Ever since you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely ?

Beat. It is not seen enough ; you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart ; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus ! why Benedictus ? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral ? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning. I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love. Nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list ; nor I list not to think what I can ; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man. He swore he would never marry ; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging. And how you may be converted I know not ; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps ?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Enter Ursula.

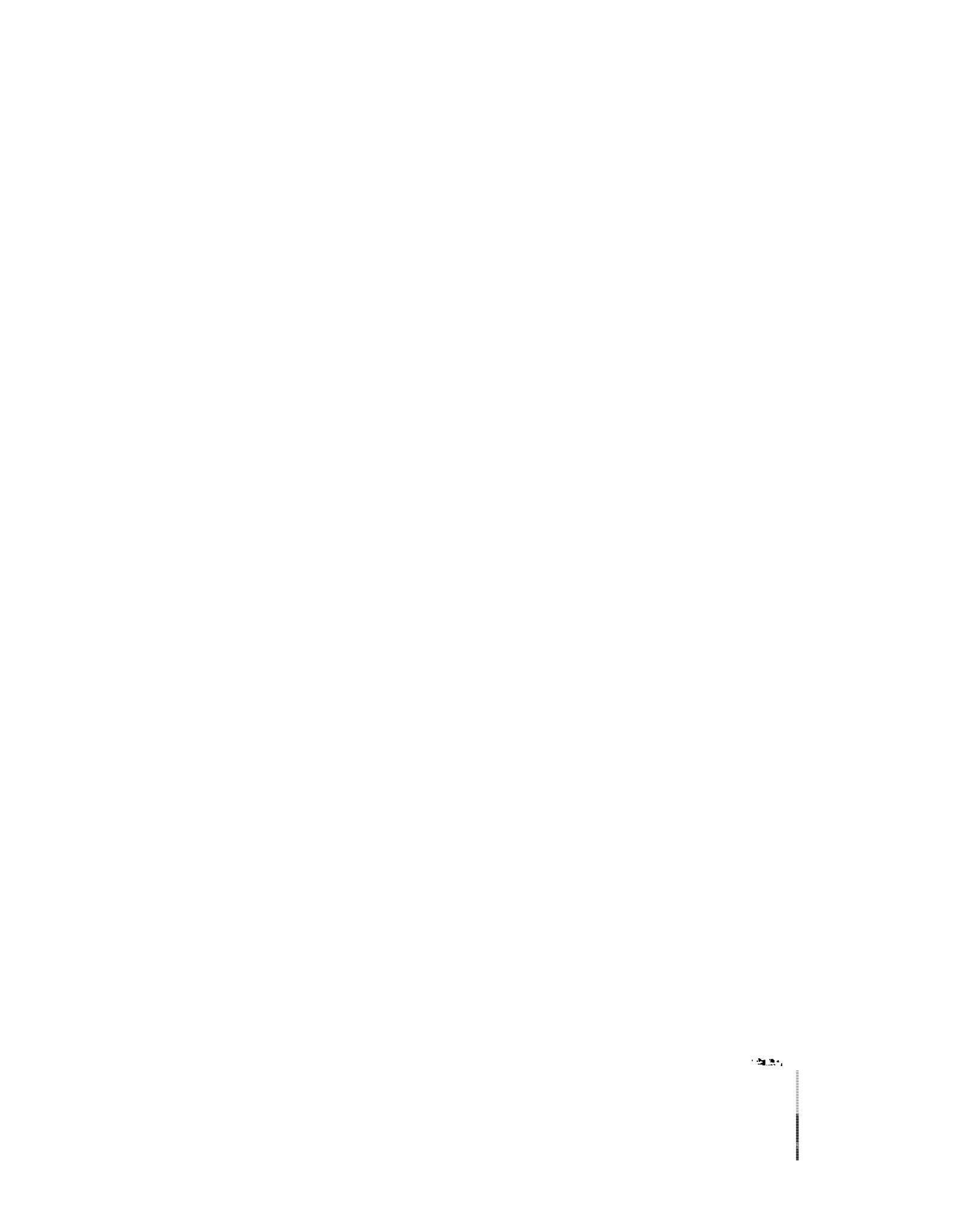
Urs. Madam, withdraw ; the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coze, good Meg, good Ursula.

PLATE 7

"SHE'S LIMN'D. I WARRANT YOU"

Much Ado About Nothing, act iii., scene i



Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. Oh, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave, Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prince. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again.

Give not this rotten orange to your friend; She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here!

Oh, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood as modest evidence

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid

By these exterior shows?—But she is none.

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you in your own proof

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity.

Claud. I know what you would say. If I have known her,
 You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
 And so extenuate the 'forehand sin. No, Leonato,
 I never tempted her with word too large,
 But as a brother to his sister showed
 Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming ! I will write against it
 You seem to me as Diane in her orb ;
 As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown ;
 But you are more intemperate in your blood
 Than Venus, or those pampered animals
 That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide ?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you ?

Prince. What should I speak ?
 I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
 To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken ? or do I but dream ?

Bast. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God !

Claud. Leonato, stand I here ?
 Is this the prince ? Is this the prince's brother ?
 Is this face Hero's ? Are our eyes our own ?

Leon. All this is so ; but what of this, my lord ?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter,
 And by that fatherly and kindly power
 That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God, defend me ! how am I beset !—
 What kind of catechising call you this ?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero ? Who can blot that name
 With any just reproach ?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero ;
 Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
 What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

Prince. Why, then, you are no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoken of;
There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you
down?

Bast. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to
light,
Smother her spirits up.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—
Friar?

Leon. O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldest not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the reward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grief'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
Oh, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smeared thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, *No part of it is mine;*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins.
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her: why, she—Oh, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient. For my part, I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say.

Beat. Oh, on my soul, my cousin is belied.

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night, I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! Oh, that is stronger made

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!

Would the princes lie? and Claudio lie?

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little, for I have only been silent

so long, and given way unto this course of fortune, by
noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental zeal doth warrant
The tenure of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it;
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none.
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—Oh, my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature;
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the
princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not; if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,

Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here, the princess, left for dead,
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed.
Maintain a mourning ostentation ;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this ? What will this
do ?

Friar. Marry, this well carried shall, on her behalf,
Change slander to remorse ; that is some good.
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excus'd
Of every hearer. For it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we reck the value ; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
While it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio :
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver),
And wish he had not so accused her.

No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy;
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you;
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the
cure.

Come, lady, die to live. This wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd; have patience, and en-
dure. [Exit.]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me
that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you;
is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were
as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as

you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me, and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour. I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here. There is no love in you. Nay, I pray you let me go.

Bene. Beatrice—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? Oh, that I were a man! What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour?—O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window? A proper saying.

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice—

Beat. Sweet Hero! she is wronged, she is slandered,
she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely a princely tes-
timony, a goodly count-confect; a sweet gallant, surely!
Oh, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any
friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is
melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men
are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too. He is
now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie and
swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore
I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice; by this hand I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swear-
ing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio
hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough; I am engaged; I will challenge him.
I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand
Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear
of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin; I
must say she is dead, and so farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Enter the Constables, BORACHIO, and the
Town Clerk in gowns.

Keeper. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Cowley. Oh, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Cowley. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition
to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be
examined? let them come before master constable.

Kemp. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What
is you name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Kemp. Pray write down Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Kemp. Write down—master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God? Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Kemp. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Kemp. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Kemp. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you in the prince's name, accuse these men.

Watch 1. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Kemp. Write down—Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable—

Kemp. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch 2. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Kemp. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Const. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. Oh, villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Watch 2. This is all.

PLATE 8

"DOST THOU NOT SUSPECT MY PLACE?"

Much Ado About Nothing, act iv., scene ii.

Claud. Good-day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords?

Prince. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord;

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

Prince. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Broth. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler,
thou.

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me.
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;

As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with gray hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors.
Oh, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

Prince. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Can't thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Broth. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter; let him kill one first.
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence.
Nay, as I am a gentleman I will.

Leon. Brother—

Broth. Content yourself, God knows I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops!

Leon. Brother Anthony—

Broth. Hold you content. What, man! I know them,
yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple.
Scrambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Anthony—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Prince. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your pa-
tience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord—

Prince. I will not hear you.

Enter BENEDICK.

Leon. No? Come, brother, away; I will be heard.
Broth. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it. [Exeunt ambo.

Prince. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news?

Bene. Good-day, my lord.

Prince. Welcome, signior; you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

Prince. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee, for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard. Shall I draw it?

Prince. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels. Draw, to pleasure us.

Prince. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, and you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

Prince. By this light he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge.

Bene. You are a villain. I jest not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Prince. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him. He hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

Prince. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit. True, says she, a fine little one. No, said I, a great wit. Right, says she, great gross one. Nay, said I, a good wit. Just, said she, it hurts nobody. Nay, said I, the gentleman is wise. Certain, said she, a wise gentleman. Nay, said I, he hath the tongues. That I believe, said she, for he swore a thing to me on Monday night which he foreswore on Tuesday morning. There's a double tongue; there's two tongues. Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues. Yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

Prince. Yea, that she did. But yet for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all, and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Prince. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina. You have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

Prince. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Prince. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Prince. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit.

Enter Constable, CONRADE, and BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Prince. But, soft you, let me be; pluck up my heart, and be sad! Did he not say my brother was fled?

Const. Come, you, sir; if Justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, and you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

Prince. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord?

Prince. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Const. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Prince. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

Prince. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes. What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to

this man how Don John, your brother, incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Prince. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

Prince. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Prince. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery, And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Const. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Const. 2. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Enter LEONATO.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me sees his eyes; That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself; Here stand a pair of honourable men.

A third is fled, that had a hand in it.

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death; Record it with your high and worthy deeds; 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin; yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Prince. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live—
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night.
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. Oh, noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Const. Moreover, sir (which, indeed, is not under
white and black), this plaintiff here, the offender, did
call me ass. I beseech you, let it be remembered in
his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk

of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long and never paid that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Const. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Const. God save the foundation.

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Const. I leave an arrant knave with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct yourself for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Broth. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

Prince. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Mar. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me, why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth
—it catches.

Mar. And yours as blunt as the fencers' foils, which
hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit; Margaret, it will not hurt
a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give
thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our
own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the
pikes with a vise; and they are dangerous weapons
for maids.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think
hath legs. [Exit MARGARET.

Bene. And therefore will come.

*The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve—*

I mean, in singing; but in loving—Leander the good
swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a
whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers,
whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a
blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over
and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot
show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no
rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*,
horn, a hard rhyme; for *school, fool*, a babbling rhyme;
very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a
rhyming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. Oh, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken. Fare you well now, and yet,
ere I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with
knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two; and sound ones, too.

Ant. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones, then.

Ant. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one, to save the money that he spends in trying; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, sir; namely, e'en no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it. Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion. But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown.
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects.
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,

PLATE 9

DONE TO DEATH BY SLANDEROUS TONGUES WAS THE
HERO THAT HERE LIES"

Much Ado About Nothing, act v., scene iii.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical;
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage;
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Enter Prince and CLAUDIO, with Attendants,

Prince. Good-morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good-morrow, prince; good-morrow, Claudio.
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.

Prince. Good-morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the
matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Enter Brother, HERO, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA.

Claud. For this I owe you: here comes other reck-
onings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Leon. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see
your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar.
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife;
And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer,
One Hero died; but I do live,
And surely as I live I am a maid.

Prince. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify,
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death.
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar, which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then, your uncle and the prince and
Claudio

Have been deceiv'd; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin Margaret and Ursula
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore you were wellnigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter. Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Leon. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

Prince. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince: a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No. If a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion: For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hop'd thou wouldest have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which out of question thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, of my word: therefore play music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow. I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance.*]





PERSONS REPRESENTED

DUKE, *living in exile.*
FREDERICK, *Brother to the Duke, and
Usurper of his Dominions.*
AMIENS, *Lords attending upon the Duke in
Jaques' banishment.*
LE BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon Fred-
erick.*
CHARLES, *his Wrestler.*
(OLIVER)
JAQUES, *Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*
(ORLANDO)
ADAM, *Servants to Oliver.*
DENNIS, *Servants to Oliver.*
TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*
SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a Vicar.*
CORIN, *Shepherds.*
SYLVIUS, *Shepherds.*
WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow, in love with
Audrey.*
A Person representing Hymen.
ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished Duke.*
CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages,
Foresters, and other Attendants.

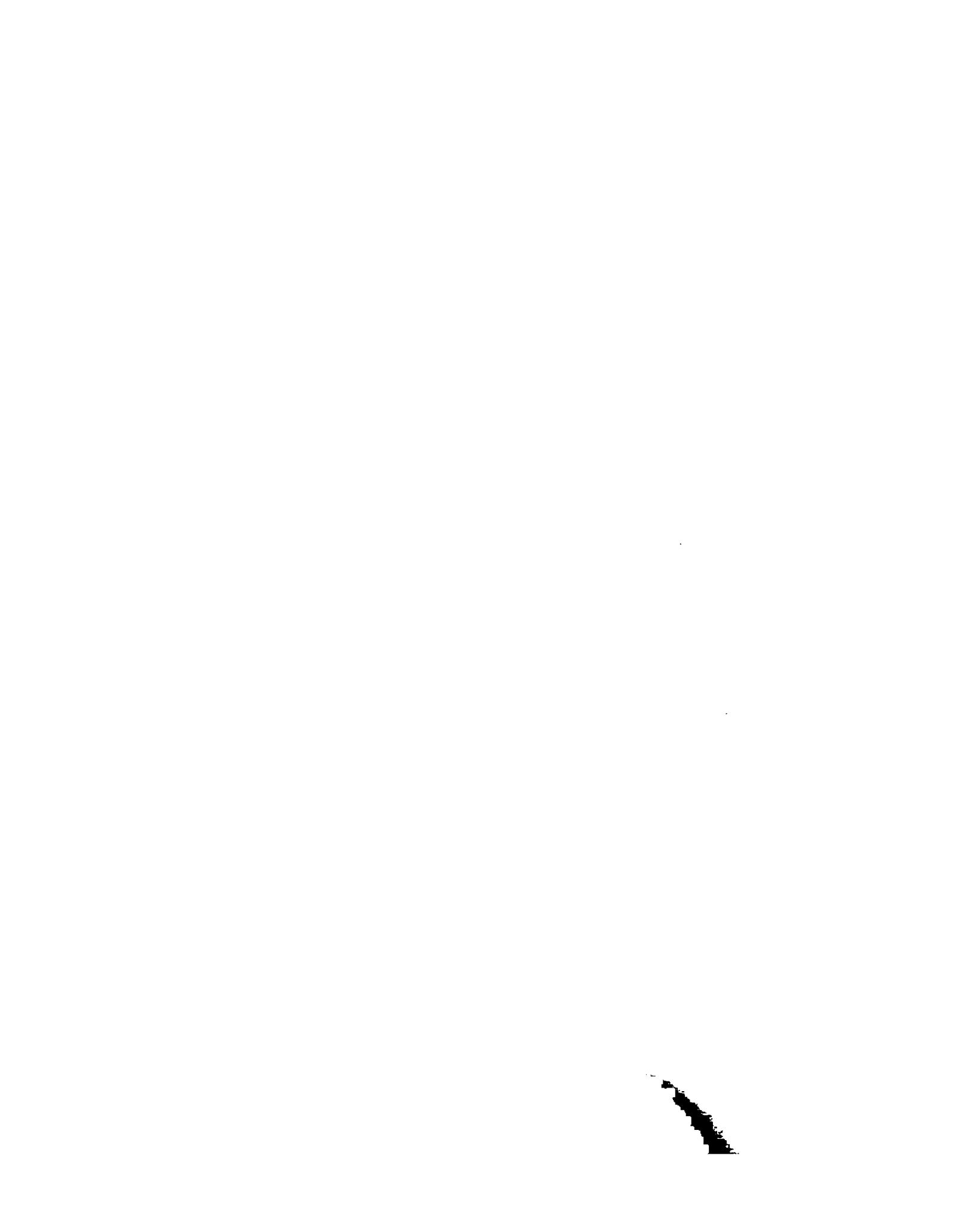
The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House;
afterwards, partly in the Usurper's
Court, and partly in the Forest of
Arden.

As You Like It

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

ORLANDO. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will; but a poor thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept. For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.



Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please. You shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education. You have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it. Therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you. You shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. 'Twill be a good way; and tomorrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good-morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother, the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. Oh, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her—being ever from their cradles bred together—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguise against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in; therefore, out of my love to you I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it; but

he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother. Therefore, use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger; and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship! [Exit.]

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised; but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all; nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee; if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldest thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster; therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport, neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's; fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No; when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? Though

nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Clown. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clown. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clown. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clown. Stand you both forth now; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clown. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn; no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Clown. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Ros. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation one of these days.

Clown. The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for, since the little

wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur the Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour, Monsieur le Beau.* What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clown. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Clown. Nay, if I keep not my rank—

Ros. Thou loshest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men of excellent growth and presence—

Cel. With bills on their necks. Be it known unto all men by these presents.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there

is little hope of life in him. So he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Clown. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Clown. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young. Yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin? Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur le Beau.

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, you have challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger. I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother-earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Char. No, I warrant your grace you shall not en-

treat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after. You should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [Wrestle.]

Ros. Oh, excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Shout.]

Duke. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well-breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke. Bear him away.

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy.

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed
Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exit Duke.]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind.
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him.
My father's rough and envious disposition



Ros. Oh, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. Oh, a good wish upon you ! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son ?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chase I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No 'faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that ; and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle ?

Duke. You, cousin ;

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires ,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic
(As I do trust I am not), then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors ;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.
Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.
Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom ;
So was I when your highness banished him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me ; my father was no traitor.
Then good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
Duke. Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay ;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse ;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why so am I. We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smooth-
ness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool ; she robs thee of thy name ;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virt-
uous,
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips ;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege ;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself ;
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke, &c.*]

Cel. Oh, my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go ?
Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prythee be cheerful: know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I are one.
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this, heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other manish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page,

And therefore, look you, call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I.—Enter Duke Senior, AMIENS, and two or
three Lords like Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,

Should in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

I Lord. Oh yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company. Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him. *Ay,* quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of country, city, court, .
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,

To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Enter Duke with Lords.

Duke. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her abed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess's gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master? — Oh, my gentle
master,

Oh, my sweet master, Oh, you memory
 Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
 Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
 Why would you be so fond to overcome
 The bonnie priser of the humorous duke?
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?
 No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. Oh, unhappy youth,
 Come not within these doors; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives.
 Your brother (no, no brother; yet the son—
 Yet not the son; I will not call him son
 Of him I was about to call his father)
 Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you used to lie,
 And you within it: if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off.
 I overheard him, and his practices.
 This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldest thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldest thou have me go and beg my
 food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
 A thievish living on the common road?
 This I must do, or know not what to do.
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,

PLATE 12

"MISTRESS, DISPATCH YOU WITH YOUR SAFEST
HASTE"

As You Like It, act i., scene iii.



Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd;
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Clown. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopp'd hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said, with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Clown. Nay, I shall ne'er beware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Clown. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Clown. Halloo, you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clown. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say; Good-even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed.

Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but ere-
while,

That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages.
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG

*Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,*

*Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged. I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing.
Come; more; another stanza. Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while! the duke will drink under this tree! he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him.
He is too disputable for my company.
I think of as many matters as he, but I give
Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

SONG.

*Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see, &c.*

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Ami. Thus it goes :

*If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame ;
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that *ducdame*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke ; his banquet is pre-par'd. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. Oh, I die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam ? no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable ; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die ; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said, thou look'st cheerly ; and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*Enter Duke Sen. and Lord, like outlaws.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

i Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence.
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him ; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

i Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.
Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur ? What a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company ?
What ! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool ! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool ; a miserable world !
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I. No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, it is ten o'clock.
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. Oh, noble fool !
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. Oh, worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier; And says, if ladies be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it; and in his brain, Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd With observation, the which he vents In mangled forms. Oh, that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit; Provided that you weed your better judgments Of all opinion that grows rank in them, That I am wise. I must have liberty Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please; for so fools have, And they that are most galled with my folly, They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so? The why is plain as way to parish church. He that a fool doth very wisely hit, Doth very foolishly, although he smart, Seem senseless of the bob; if not, The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool. Invest me in my motley; give me leave To speak my mind, and I will through and through Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldest do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin; For thou thyself hast been a libertine, As sensual as the brutish sting itself; And all the embossed sores, and headed evils, That thou with license of free foot hast caught, Wouldest thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, That can therein tax any private party? Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

PLATE 13

ORLANDO AND ADAM

As You Like It, act ii., scene iv.

And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
 Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school: and then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange, eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Enter ORLANDO with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable bur-
 den, and let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome, fall to. I will not trouble you
 As yet to question you about your fortunes.
 Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter winds,
Thou art not so unkind

*As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly !*

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! &c.*

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is.
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.

ACT III

SCENE I.—Enter Duke, Lords, and OLIVER.

Duke. Not see him since ? Sir, sir, that cannot be.
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it ;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;
Seek him with candle ; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,

Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. Oh, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of
doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [Exit.]

Enter CORIN and Clown.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master
Touchstone?

Clown. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a
good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is
naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very
well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile
life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me
well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious.
As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well;
but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much
against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee,
shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens
the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money,
means, and content, is without three good friends;

that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clown. Such a one is a natural philosopher.
Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clown. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clown. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Clown. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone; those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

Clown. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fell's, you know, are greasy.

Clown. Why, do not your courtiers' hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clown. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep. And would you have us kiss tar? The courtiers' hands are perfumed with civet.

Clown. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh; indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than

tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Clown. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Clown. That is another simple sin in you—to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bellwether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated old cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. *From the east to western Ind,*
No jewel is like Rosalind,
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

Clown. I'll rhyme you so eight years together; dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right butterwomen's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Clown. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.

*Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind ;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourlest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Clown. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it with a meddler; then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the meddler.

Clown. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this desert be ?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd*

*Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
 Cleopatra's majesty;
 Atalanta's better part;
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devis'd;
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest priz'd.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, Have patience, good people!

Cel. How now! back friends; shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

Clown. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [Exit.]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. Oh yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lame-ly in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree; I never was so be-rhymed since Pythagoras's time that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain that you once wore about his neck; change you color?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd love's tree, when it drops forth fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry halloo! to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? And we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir; Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized; if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy, tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal ; they were all like one another, as half-pence are ; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee recount some of them.

Ros. No ; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks, hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd. I pray you tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks ?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not ; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not ; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not ; a beard neglected, which you have not—but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man. You are rather point-device in your accoutrements—as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do. And the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress. And I set him every day to woo me, at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness, which was to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him. And this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and, by-the-way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Enter CLOWN, AUDREY, and JAQUES.*

Clown. Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey, am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant us! What features!

Clown. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. Oh, knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Clown. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Clown. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Clown. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest. Now, if thou wert a poet I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clown. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Clown. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Clown. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness!

PLATE 15

JAQUES

As You Like It, act ii., scene v.



nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ;
the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so ?

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love ?

Cel. Yes, when he is in ; but I think he is not in,

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is* ; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster ; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him ; he asked me of what parentage I was ; I told him of as good as he ; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando ?

Cel. Oh, that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover, as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose ; but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here ?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him ?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. Oh, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me, do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now, counterfeit to swoon, why, now, fall down!
Or, if thou canst not, oh, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now, show the wound mine eyes hath made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it. Lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

PLATE 16

"IT IS TEN O'CLOCK. THUS MAY WE SEE, QUOTH HE,
HOW THE WORLD WAGS"

As You Like It, act ii., scene vi.





ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.*

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad, and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good-day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you, and you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller. Look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and

PLATE 17

"GIVE ME YOUR HAND, ORLANDO"

As You Like It, act iv., scene i.

ACT IV

SCENE II.—THREE KINSMEN, CECIL, AND JASPER.

How now, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with you.

You are a melancholy fellow,
I do trust it honest than laughing.

What are in extremitie of either are abhum-
ed, and set by themselves to every manner
of man, more than drunkards.

It is good to be mad and say nothing,
but to be a fool, 'tis good to be a poet.

I have seene the scholar's melancholie, which
is a melancholie; and the musician's, which is fantastical;
and the actor's, which is proud; nor the soldier's,
which is ridiculous; nor the lawyer's, which is politie;
nor the lady's, which is quarelling; nor the lover's, which is
not reason but it is a melancholie of mine owne, con-
sidered. ~~OF RAGGED RAIL CLOTHED AND CLOTHED IN~~
I ame and I ame, the sundry contemplation of
my selfe, ~~OF RAGGED RAIL CLOTHED AND CLOTHED IN~~
wraps me in a
melancholie.

A knave! By my faith, you have great rea-
son to be mad. I fear you have sold your owne hand
to the fiend; then, or have beene much used to
the houres to be haire with eyes and poor bloud.

It is compayned my experience.

SCENE III.

What a melancholie reader you had. I had
one too; but I had more the liberty than experience
of it; for I was never entred into it.

What a melancholie reader Rosaline!
Shee had none; and here you sit you talk as blan-

ket; a sombre, somber traveller. Look you high
and lowe; you will finde all the benefits of your
nativity, in out of love with your nativity, and

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, Will you, Orlando.

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed. Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry. I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. Oh, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser the waywarder. Make the doors upon a wom-

an's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, Wit, whither wilt?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer unless you take her without her tongue. Oh, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what you would prove. My friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so—come, death. Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind. So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [Exit.]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. Oh, coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathoms deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or, rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind, rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter JAQUES and Lords, Foresters.*

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it makes noise enough.

MUSIC, SONG.

*What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home; the rest shall bear this burden.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born;
Thy father's father wore it;
And thy father bore it.
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain.

Enter SILVIUS.

He hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth
To sleep. Look, who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth.
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix. Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest I know not the contents.
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-coloured hand. I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands.
She has a huswife's hand—but that's no matter.
I say she never did invent this letter.
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers! why, she defies me
Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,

Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.
[Reads.]

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?*

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?
Ros. [reads.]

*Why, thy godhead laid apart,
War'st thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear such railing?

*While the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me—*

Meaning me, a beast.

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me.
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity.
Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee
an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to
be endured. Well, go your way to her (for I see love

hath made thee a tame snake), and say this to her :
 That if she loves me, I charge her to love thee. If she
 will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for
 her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for
 here comes more company.

[*Exit SILVIUS.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know
 Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
 A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees ?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bot-
 tom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
 Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
 But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
 There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
 Then should I know you by description ;
 Such garments, and such years. The boy is fair,
 Of female favour, and bestows himself
 Like a ripe sister ; the woman low,
 And browner than her brother. Are not you
 The owner of the house I did inquire for ?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both ;
 And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
 He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he ?

Ros. I am. What must we understand by this ?

Oli. Some of my shame ; if you will know of me
 What man I am, and how, and why, and where
 This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
 He left a promise to return again
 Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
 Lo, what befell ! He threw his eye aside,
 And mark, what object did present itself !
 Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But to Orlando. Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so.
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescued?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I, but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By-and-by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd;
As, how I came into that desert place.

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,
And cry'd in fainting upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him ; bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ?—sweet Ganymede ?

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it.—Cousin Ganymede !

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man ?

You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I do confess it.

Ah, sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited.

I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—

Heigh-ho !

Oli. This was not counterfeit ; there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do ; but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler ; pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

PLATE 18

AUDREY

As You Like It, act v., scene i.



SCENE II.—*Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.*

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say, with me, I love Aliena; say, with her, that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent.
Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I
Invite the duke, and all his contented followers.
Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you,
Here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Orl. And you, fair sister.

Ros. Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see
thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the
claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited
to swoon when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. Oh, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true:
there never was anything so sudden but the fight of
two rams, and Caesar's Thrasonical brag of, *I came, saw,*
and overcome. For your brother and my sister no sooner
met but they looked; no sooner looked but they
loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner
sighed but they asked one another the reason; no

sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow: and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But oh, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then (for now I speak to some purpose), that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge; insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow; human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede,

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why do you speak too, *why blame you me to love you?*

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling
of Irish wolves against the moon. I will help you if I
can. I would love you if I could. To-morrow meet
me all together. I will marry you if ever I marry
woman, and I'll be married to-morrow. I will satisfy

you if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. As you love Rosalind, meet; as you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter Clown and AUDREY.*

Clown. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banish'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Clown. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you. Sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring-time, the only pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring-time, &c.

PAGE

DO YOU LOVE THIS MAIL?

NO, I DON'T LOVE THIS MAIL.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Clown. God'ild you, sir. I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir; an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Clown. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But for the seventh cause. How did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clown. Upon a lie seven times removed—bear your body more seeming, Audrey—as thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He sent me word if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the retort courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the quip modest. If, again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the reply churlish. If, again, it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is called the reproof valiant. If, again, it was not well cut, he would say I lie: this is called the counter-check quarrelsome. And so the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clown. I durst go no further than the lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the lie direct, and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Clown. Oh, sir, we quarrel in print by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you

the degrees. The first, the retort courteous ; the second, the quip modest ; the third, the reply churlish ; the fourth, the reproof valiant ; the fifth, the counter-check quarrelsome ; the sixth, the lie with circumstance , the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid but the lie direct, and you may avoid that, too, with an if. I know when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if, as if you said so, then I said so ; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your if is the only peace-maker ; much virtue in if.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and, under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

STILL MUSIC.

Hymn *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even,
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.
 To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true, why then, my love,
 adieu !

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he.
 I'll have no husband, if you be not he.
 Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho ! I bar confusion ;
 'Tis I must make conclusion
 Of these most strange events.

Here's eight that must take hands,
 To join in Hymen's bands,
 If truth holds true contents.
 You and you no cross shall part.
 You and you are heart in heart.
 You to his love must accord,
 Or have a woman to your lord.
 You and you are sure together
 As the winter to foul weather.
 Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
 Feed yourselves with questioning;
 That reason, wonder may diminish,
 How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown;
 O blessed bond of board and bed!
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
 High wedlock then be honoured:
 Honour, high honour and renown,
 To Hymen, god of every town!*

Duke S. Oh, my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
 Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
 Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2 Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two.
 I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
 Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot,
 In his own conduct, purposely to take
 His brother here, and put him to the sword.
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
 Where, meeting with an old religious man,
 After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprise and from the world,
 His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
 And all their lands restored to them again
 That were with him exiled. This to be true
 I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man ;
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding.
 To one his lands withheld, and to the other
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
 First, in this forest, let us do those ends
 That here were well begun and well begot.
 And after, every of this happy number
 That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
 According to the measure of their states.
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
 And fall into our rustic revelry :
 Play, music ; and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
 The duke hath put on a religious life,
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

2 Bro. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I. Out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
 You to your former honour I bequeath :
 Your patience, and your virtue well deserves it.
 You to a love that your true faith doth merit.
 You to your land, and love, and great allies.
 You to a long and well-deserved bed.
 And you to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage
 Is but for two months victualled. So to your pleasures ;
 I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I. What you would have
 I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.]

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we'll begin these rites,
 As we do trust they'll end in true delights. [Exit.]

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epi-
 logue ; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the

lord the prologue. If it be true that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you. And I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpering none of you hate them), that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not. And I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet brcaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell.

[*Exit.*



The Comedy of Errors



PERSONS REPRESENTED

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

DROMIO OF EPHESUS (*twin brothers, and Attendants on the two*

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE) *Antipholuses.*

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS (*twin brothers, and*

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE) *Sons to Ægeon*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

PINCH, *a Schoolmaster and a Conjurer.*

ÆMILIA (*Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at*

Ephesus.

ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her Sister.*

LUCE, *her Servant.*

A Courtesan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

The Comedy of Errors

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Enter the DUKE OF EPHESUS, with the MERCHANT OF SYRACUSE, GAOLER, and other attendants.*

M ERCHANT. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any, Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,

Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort; when your words are
done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home ;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus ?

Mer. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracusa was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me ; had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death ;
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,
A mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike :
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return :
Unwilling I agreed ; alas ! too soon we came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep

Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
But longer did we not retain much hope ;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none,—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking ripe, to us :
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms ;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us ;
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
But ere they came—oh, let me say no more !
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so ;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Mer. Oh, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us !
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;
Which being violently borne up,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst.

So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the wind ;
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us ;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests ;
 And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss ;
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest
 for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Mer. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother ; and importun'd me
 That his attendant (so his case was like,
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
 Might bear him company in the quest of him :
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;
 Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life ;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap !
 Now trust me, were it not against our laws,

Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can :
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
 To seek thy help by beneficial help :
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live ; if not, then thou art doomed to die.—
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Mer. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Enter ANTIPHOLUS EROTES, a Merchant,
 and DROMIO.

E. Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here;
 And, not being able to buy out his life,
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
 And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[Exit DROMIO.]

Ant. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,

When I am dull with care and melancholy,
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

E. Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
 I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
 And afterwards consort you till bedtime;
 My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
 And wander up and down to view the city.

E. Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ant. He that commands me to mine own content,
 Commands me to the thing I cannot get.
 I to the world am like a drop of water,
 That in the ocean seeks another drop,
 Who failing there to find his fellow forth,
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
 So I, to find a mother and a brother,
 In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—
 What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too
 late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
 The clock has strucken twelve upon the bell;
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
 She is so hot because the meat is cold;
 The meat is cold because you come not home;
 You come not home because you have no stomach;
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray:
 Where have you left the money that I gave you?

PLATE 29
"GO BEAR IT TO THE CENTAUR"
The Comedy of Errors, act 1, scene 3

E. Dro. Oh,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper,—
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dro. I pray you jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come, Dromio, come; these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

E. Drom. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold
your hands;
Nay, and you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit E. DROMIO.*

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'erwrought of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage:
As nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin.
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Enter ADRIANA, wife to ANTIPOHIS SEREP-*
TUS, with LUCIANA, her sister.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master?
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret;
A man is master of his liberty.
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' doors.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it thus.

Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in sky.

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:
Man, more divine, the master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well

feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad.
But sure he's stark-mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred marks in gold.

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I: *My gold,* quoth he.
Your meat doth burn, quoth I: *My gold,* quoth he.
Will you come? quoth I: *My gold,* quoth he.
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd;* *My gold,* quoth he.
My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress;*
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my master: *I know,* quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress;* so that my errand, due unto my tongue, I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders; for, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating. Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowereth in your face.

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
 That's not my fault, he's master of my state.
 What ruins are in me, that can be found
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
 A sunny look of his would soon repair;
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere,
 Else, what lets it but he would be here?
 Sister, you know, he promised me a chain;
 Would that alone, alone he would detain,
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
 I see the jewel best enamelled
 Will lose his beauty; yet the gold 'bides still
 That others touch, yet often touching will
 Wear gold: and no man that hath a name
 By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Enter ANTIPHOLUS EROTES.*

Ant. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
 By computation, and mine host's report.
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
 I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.—

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? you received no gold?

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, sir? for what?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. By what rule, sir?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

S. Dro. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine
Whose weakness, married to thy stranger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss,
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
theme;
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land—Oh, spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue:
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.

S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine own form.

S. Dro. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

S. Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grass.
 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
 But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye and weep,
 Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
 Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate.
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to day,
 And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
 Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
 Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
 Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advis'd?
 Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd,
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
 And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

ACT III

SCENE I.—Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, *his man*
DROMIO, ANGELO the Goldsmith, and BALTHAZAR
the Merchant.

E. Ant. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all:
 My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
 Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
 To see the making of her carkanet,
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
 But here's a villain that would face me down;
 He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
 And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
 And that I did deny my wife and house.
 Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I
 know,
 That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to
 show;

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave
were ink;

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think thou art an ass.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You should keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

E. Ant. You are sad, Signior Balthazar. Pray God
our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome
here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome
dear.

E. Ant. Oh, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl
affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's
nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry
feast.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing
guest;

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft; my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,
Jem!

S. Dro. Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot,
patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for
such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the
door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? My
master stays in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, lest
he catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.
S. Dro. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.
S. Dro. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.
E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?
S. Dro. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.
E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
 The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
 If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
 Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Enter LUCE:

Luce. What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate?
E. Dro. Let my master in, Luce.
Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late, and so tell your master.
E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh:
 Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?
Luce. Have at you with another: that's—When?
 can you tell?
S. Dro. If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce thou hast answer'd him well.
E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?
Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.
S. Dro. And you said no.
E. Dro. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.
E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.
Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ache.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Enter ADRIANA.

Adr. Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave? go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

E. Ant. Go, fetch me something; I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any breaking here and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind.

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It seems thou wantest breaking; out upon
thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much out upon thee! I pray
thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish
have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

S. Dro. A crow without feather; master, mean you
so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir: Oh, let it not be so:
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this, your long experience of your wifedom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on your part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
Forever hous'd where it gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle;
There will we dine; this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert)

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal ;
 To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
 And fetch the chain ; by this, I know, 'tis made :
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine ;
 For there's the house ; that chain will I bestow
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
 Upon mine hostess there : good sir, make haste :
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me.
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

E. Ant. Do so ; this jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter LUCIANA, with ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-strings rot ?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate ?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness ;
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness ;
 Let not my sister read it in your eye ;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator,
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger ;
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted,
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;
 Be secret-false—what need she be acquainted ?
 What simple thief brags of his own attaint ?
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
 And let her read it in thy looks at board :
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
 Alas, poor women ! make us not believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us ;
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve :
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

PLATE 22

"WHY, MISTRESS, SURE MY MASTER IS HORN-MAD"

The Comedy of Errors, act ii., scene i

S. Dro. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept. For why? she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, sir, 'tis in grain: Noah's flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, sir:—but her name is three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland?

S. Dro. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. Where France?

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.

S. Ant. Where England?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

S. Ant. Where Spain?

S. Dro. 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dro. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich

aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

S. Dro. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio, swore I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch; and I think if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.]

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO, with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal:
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.*

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Gold. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus:
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS and DROMIO OF EPHESUS from the Courtesan's.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.
E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow .
 Among my wife and her confederates,
 For locking me out of my doors by day.—
 But soft, I see the goldsmith :—get thee gone :
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year ! I buy rope !

[*Exit DROMIO.*

E. Ant. A man is well held up that trusts to you.
 I promised your presence, and the chain ;
 But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me :
 Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
 If it were chain'd together ; and therefore came not.

Gold. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
 How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat ;
 The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion ;
 Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
 Than I stand debted to this gentleman ;
 I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
 For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money :
 Besides, I have some business in the town :
 Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
 And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
 Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;
 Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself ?

E. Ant. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not time
 enough.

Gold. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about
 you ?

E. Ant. And if I have not, sir, I hope you have :
 Or else you may return without your money.

Gold. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain ;
 Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
 And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
 Your breach of promise to the Porpentine :
 I should have chid you for not bringing it,
 But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Gold. You hear how he importunes me ; the chain—

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Gold. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;

Either send the chain, or send by me some token.

E. Ant. Fie ! now you run this humour out of breath :
Come, where's the chain ? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance ;
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no ;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you ? What should I answer you ?

Gold. The money that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Gold. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none ; you wrong me much
to say so.

Gold. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do ; and charge you in the duke's name to
obey me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation :
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay thee that I never had ?
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Gold. Here is thy fee ; arrest him, officer,
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir, you hear the suit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail :
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Gold. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, from the bay.

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

And then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
 I have convey'd aboard: and I have bought
 The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
 The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
 Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all,
 But for their owner, master, and yourself.

E. Ant. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
 And told thee to what purpose and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
 You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
 And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
 To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
 Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk,
 That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
 There is a purse of ducats: let her send it;
 Tell her I am arrested in the street,
 And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.
 On, officer, to prison, till it come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S. Dro. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
 Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
 She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
 Thither I must, although against my will,
 For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
 Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
 That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
 Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
 What observation mad'st thou in this case,
 Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.

PLATE 23

"AY, AY, ANTIPOHOLUS, LOOK STRANGE AND FROWN"

The Comedy of Errors, act ii., scene ii

Enter DROMIO OF EPHESUS with a rope's end.

Here comes my man ; I think he brings the money.—
How now, sir ? have you that I sent you for ?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the money ?

E. Dro. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ?

E. Dro. To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I
return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

Off. Good sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient ; I am in ad-
versity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreson, senseless villain !

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might
not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and
so is an ass.

E. Dro. I am an ass indeed ; you may prove it by
my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my
nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands
for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats
me with beating ; when I am warm, he cools me with
beating. I am waked with it when I sleep ; raised
with it when I sit ; driven out of doors with it when
I go from home ; welcomed home with it when I re-
turn : nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar
wont her brat ; and I think, when he hath lamed me,
I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan, and a School-
master called PINCH.*

E. Ant. Come, go along ; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end ; or

rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware the rope's end.

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats DROMIO.

Cour. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

E. Ant. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know you dined at home,
Where would you had remained until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame.

E. Ant. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity you did ; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries ?

Pinch. It is no shame ; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou has suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest
me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Money by me ? heart and good-will you
might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats ?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope !

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd ;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold ?
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all ;
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me.
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

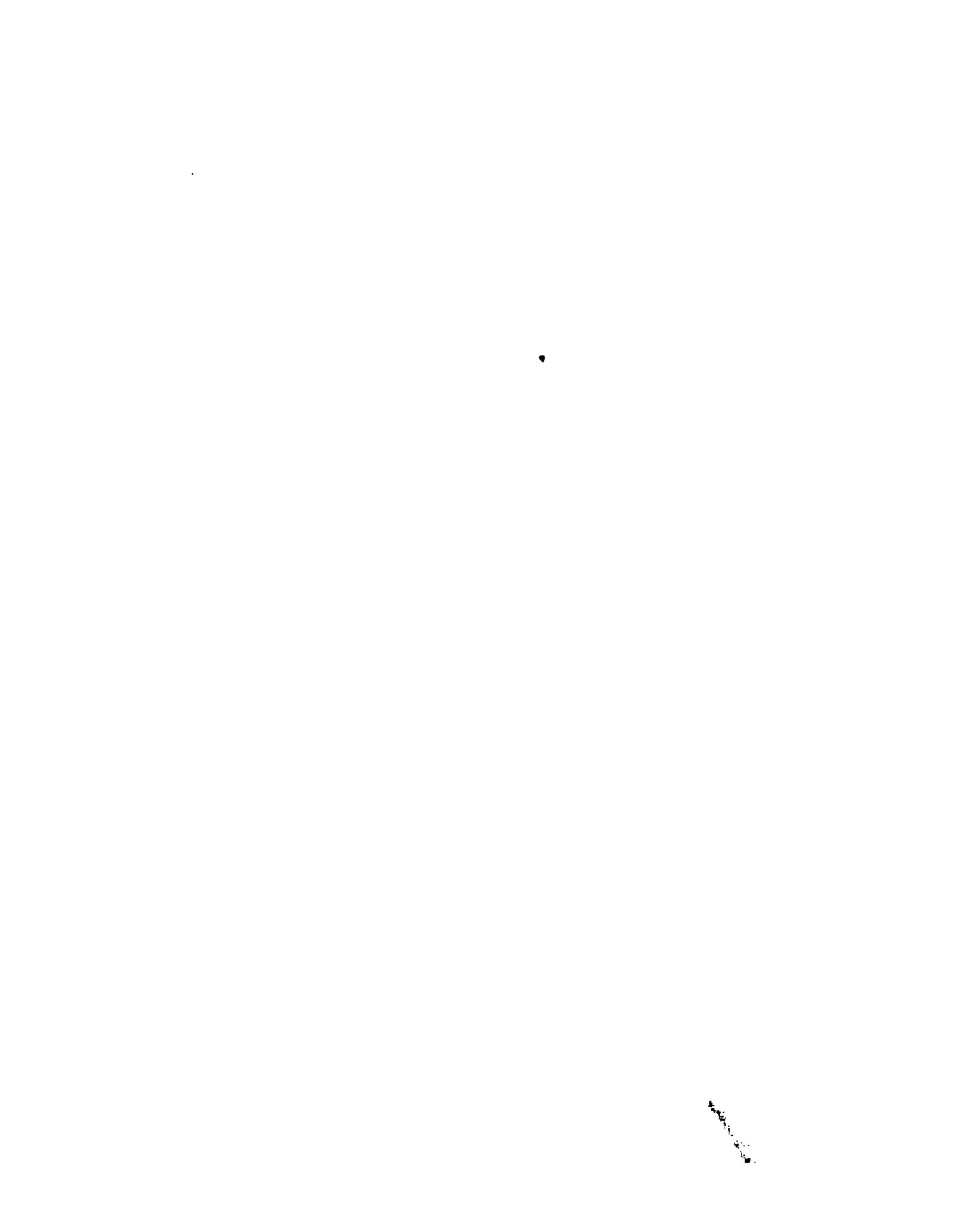
Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near
me.

Pinch. More company ; the fiend is strong ~~within~~
him.

PLATE 35

"TEACH ME, DEAR CREATURE"

The Comedy of Errors, act iii., scene ii.



Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO again.

Gold. 'Tis so ; and that self chain about his neck
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly.
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day.
This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

S. Ant. I think I had ; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir ; and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it ?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear
thee.

Fie on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA LUCIANA, Courtesan, and others.

Adr. Hold ! hurt him not for God's sake ; he is
mad ;

Some get within him, take his sword away.

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run, master, run ! for God's sake take a
house !

This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the Priory.*

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence;

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er broke into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of
sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love—
A sin prevailing much in youthful men
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference;
In bed he slept not for my urging it;
At board he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it.
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman,
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And therefore comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou sayest his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls;
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd would mad or man or beast;
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband
forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again,
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart; thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this I think the dial points at five.
Anon, I'm sure the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Gold. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Gold. See, where they come; we will behold his
death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter the DUKE OF EPHESUS and the MERCHANT OF
SYRACUSE, bareheaded, with Headsman and
other officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my hus-
band,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters, this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desp'ately he hurried through the street
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
 Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
 That here and there his fury had committed.
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
 He broke from those that had the guard of him,
 And, with his mad attendant and himself,
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
 Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
 We came again to bind them; then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my
 wars;
 And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.—
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate
 And bid the lady abbess come to me;
 I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh, mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself;
 My master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
 Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire,
 And ever as it blaz'd they threw on him
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while
 His man with scissors nicks him like a fool.
 And sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool; thy master and his man are here,
 And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mes. Mistress, upon my life I tell you true;

I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark ! I hear him, mistress ; fly, be gone !

Duke. Come, stand by me ; fear nothing. Guard with
halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband ! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible ;
Even now we housed him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious duke ; oh, grant me
justice !

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Mer. Fath. Unless the fear of death doth make me
dote, I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman
there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonoured me,
Even in the strength and height of injury !
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great duke, she shut the doors
upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou
so ?

Adr. No, my good lord. Myself, he, and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal !

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth !

PLATE 26

"OH, BIND HIM, BIND HIM, LET HIM NOT COME NEAR ME!"

The Comedy of Errors, act iv., scene iv

Mer. Fath. I am sure you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Ourselves, we do remember, sir, by you, For lately we were bound as you are now. You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Mer. Fath. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.

Mer. Fath. Oh! grief hath changed me since you saw me last;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand, Have written strange defeatures in my face: But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Mer. Fath. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Mer. Fath. I am sure thou dost.

E. Dro. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Mer. Fath. Not know my voice! O Time's extremity! Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue In seven short years, that here my only son Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares? Though now this grained face of mine be hid In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow, And all the conduits of my blood froze up, Yet hath my night of life some memory, My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left, My dull deaf ears a little use to hear; All these old witnesses (I cannot err) Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Mer. Fath. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy, Thou know'st we parted: but, perhaps, my son, Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The duke, and all that know me in the city, Can witness with me that it is not so; I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years Have I been patron to Antipholus,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE and DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[All gather to see him.]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so, of these, which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

E. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

S. Ant. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dro. Oh, my old master, who hath bound him
here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons;
Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right;
These two Antipholuses, these two so alike,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Mcr. Fath. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by-and-by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

S. Ant. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous
warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother. What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good,

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Gold. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Gold. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I received from you,

And Dromio my man did bring them me.

I see we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors are arose.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my
good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes.

And all that are assembled in this place.

That by this sympathized one day's error

Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,

The Tempest

PERSONS REPRESENTED

ALONZO, *King of Naples.*
SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*
PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*
ADRIAN } *Lords.*
FRANCISCO }
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO *a Fester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*
ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
IRIS
CERES
JUNO } *Spirits.*
Nymphs
Reapers }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, the Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.



The Tempest

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.* Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

MASTER. Boatswain.
Boats. Here, master; what cheer?
Mast. Good; speak to the mariners. Fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir! bestir!
[Exit.]

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare. Take in the top-sail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINANDO, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour! Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor. If you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say.

[*Exit.*]

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! Make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main course. A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.

A cry within. *Enter* SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker; we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off!

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

PLATE 28

THE SHIPWRECK

The Tempest, act 3, scene i

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
And princess; no worse issued.

Mir. Oh, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou say'st, where we heaved thence;
But blessedly helped hither.

Mir. Oh, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero, the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And wrapped in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,

How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
 To trash for overtopping; new created
 The creatures that were mine; I say, or changed them,
 Or else new formed them; having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
 To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
 The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

Mira. Oh, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
 I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
 With that which, but by being so retired,
 O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood, in its contrary as great
 As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit—
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact—like one
 Who, having unto truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie—he did believe
 He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,
 And executing the outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
 Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
 And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
 Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
 (So dry he was for sway) with King of Naples,
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. Oh, the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell
me
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother.
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother. Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight,
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pros. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
(So dear the love my people bore me), nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it. There they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh

To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack ! what trouble
Was I then to you ?

Pros. Oh ! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me ! Thou didst smile,
Infuse with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd, which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore ?

Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From my own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man !

Pros. Now I arise.
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived ; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heaven thank you for't ! And now I pray you,
sir
(For still 'tis beating in my mind), your reason
For raising this sea-storm ?

Pros. Know thus far forth
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star ; whose influence

PLATE 29

"WHERE SHOULD THIS MUSIC BE?"

The Tempest, act i., scene ii.

SONG OF SOLOMON

He cometh even by sighing back again.

Aarkl will trouble

the universitie

you may know well. Then shall come
a rain from heaven,

the sun with drops full wet

the earth which rained in the

darknesse

the earth where

the sun shal

then shall come the sun again, then
the sun again,

then shall come the sun again, then
the sun again,

then shall come the sun again, then
the sun again,

then shall come the sun again, then
the sun again,

then shall come the sun again,

Would I might

I am

and have

and have

and have more profit

and have more

and have

Know this for truth

the sun will change, boundeth fortune,

the sun will change, with false examples

the sun will change, and by my conscience

I have my mouth both seppend open

to make impudent and whist influence

Ariel. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? no more.

Ariel. I prithee

Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings; thou did promise
To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ariel. No.

Pros. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the
ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ariel. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ariel. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell
me.

Ariel. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. Oh, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ariel. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with
child,
And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,

And in her most unmitigable rage,
 Into a cloven pine; within which rift
 Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years; within which space she died,
 And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
 As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
 (Save for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
 A human shape.

Ariel. Yes; Caliban, her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban,
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
 What torment I did find thee in. Thy groans
 Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
 Could not again undo. It was mine art,
 When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
 The pine, and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
 And peg thee in its knotty entrails till
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ariel. Pardon, master.
 I will be correspondent to command,
 And do my sprighting gently.

Pros. Do so; and after two days
 I will discharge thee.

Ariel. That's my noble master!
 What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pros. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;
 Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
 To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
 And hither come in't; go hence

With diligence. [Exit ARIEL.
 Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
 Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
 Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;

We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him; he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [within]. There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say, there's other business for
thee.
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ariel. My lord, it shall be done. *[Exit.]*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a southwest blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall for that vast of night that they may work
All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-comb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'dst me, and made much of me; wouldst
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,
 That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee,
 And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
 The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile ;
 Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own king ; and here you sty me
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest o' th' island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness ; I have used thee,
 Filth as thou art, with human care ; and lodged thee
 In mine own cell till thou didst seek to violate
 The honour of my child.

Cal. Oho, oho!—would it had been done.
 Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopled else
 This isle with Calibans.

Mir. Abhorred slave,
 Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill, I pitied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
 One thing or other ; when thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldest gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
 Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
 natures
 Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
 Deservedly confined into this rock, who hadst
 Deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language ; and my profit on't
 Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
 For learning me your language!

Pros. Hag-seed, hence !
 Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou wert best
 To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice ?
 If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps ;

Fill all thy bones with aches ; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din !

Cal. No, pray thee.—
I must obey ; his art is of such power
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave, hence !
[Exit CALIBAN.

Enter FERDINAND and ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands ;
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist),
Foot it feathly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark !
Bough, wough, the watch-dogs bark : [Burden dis-
Bough, wough. persedly.
Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be ? i' th' air or th' earth ?

It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air. Thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Full fathom five your father lies :
Of his bones are coral made.
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade.

*But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.*
[Burden, *ding-dong*.]

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond'.

Mir. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such
senses
As we have—such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that beauty's canker, thou mightst call
him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. It goes on, I see.
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free
thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend.—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here; my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, Oh, you wonder,
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly, a maid.

Fer. My language? heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How! the best?
What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep. Myself am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

Pros. The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this! A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong—a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Fer. Oh, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir; one word more.
They are both in either's powers. But this swift busi-
ness

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a tem-
ple.

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;

Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No ;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

[He draws, and is charmed from moving.

Mir. Oh, dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pros. What, I say !
My foot my tutor ? Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy con-
science
Is so possess'd with guilt. Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father !

Pros. Hence ; hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity ;
I'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence ; one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !
An advocate for an impostor ? Hush !
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench !
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
Are then most humble. I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on ; obey.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are.
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss ; the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. It works.—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ariel. To th' syllable.
Pros. Come, follow: speak not for him. [Exeunt.

ACT II

SCENE I.—Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe. But for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by-and-by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One—tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd
That's offer'd, comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done. But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done! The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So you're pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet.

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new dyed than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africa, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since Widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said Widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? You make me study of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, Widow Dido.

Ant. Oh, Widow Dido; ay, Widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day

I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. Oh, thou, mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs. He trod the water
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swollen that met him. His bold
head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost your
son,

I fear, forever; Milan and Naples have

More widows in them of this business making
Than we bring men to comfort them.
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' th' loss.

Gon. My Lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in. You rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things. For no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Borne, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure.
No sovereignty.

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor. Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying among his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the Golden Age.

Seb. Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Prithee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go to sleep, and hear us.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts; I find they are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it;
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

PLATE 30
TRINCULO AND CALIBAN
The Tempest, act iii., scene ii.

SONGS FOR CHILDREN

Frolic with such pleasure you'll have
in your play.

Say like me,

Play like me,

And the eyes mark me, and
the hands talk nothing to me,
and the heart is full of love,
and the children, who are all mine,
say they always love me.

Play like me,

Play like me,
and the eyes mark me, and
the hands talk nothing to me,
and the heart is full of love,
and the children, who are all mine,

say they always love me.

CHILDREN ARE DILIGENT

Children are diligent now,

and they go to school,

and they are not angry,

and they will not interfere with me,
and though one wakes up late

they still help me,

and they are diligent. I wish you were
as diligent as they are, (thinking my thoughts)

and then you would be happy.

Please you tell

the children after me,

when it don't

We may say kind,

and we may say while you take your rest
Amen to your safety.

Thank you. Womder why
but what a strong devotion possess them?
that it is the quality o' th' climate.

As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo. I myself could make
A chough of as deep a chat. Oh, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good-fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True.
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed forever: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent. As thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. Oh, but one word.

Enter ARIEL with music and song.

Ariel. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth,
For else his project dies, to keep them living.

[*Sings in GONZALO's ear.*

*While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware.
Awake! awake!*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king.

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you
drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. Oh, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake. Sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one, too, which did awake me.
I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn. There was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is sure i' th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ariel. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done;
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood (*a noise of thunder heard*).

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand in the dark,
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me.
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me.
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometimes am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it
sing i' th' wind. Yond' same black cloud, yond' huge
one, looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his
liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head. Yond' same cloud cannot
choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here—a
man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like
a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of,
not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were
I in England now (as once I was), and had but this
fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a
piece of silver There would this monster make a man;

any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion: hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. Alas! the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing.

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore.—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral.
Well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

[Sings.] *The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang;
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch;
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune, too. But here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me. Oh!
Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground. And it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me. Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he hath never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him. He shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice. It should be— But he is drowned; and these are devils. Oh, defend me!

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen, I will pour some to thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster. I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou be'st Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo—be not afraid—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull

thee by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed. How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? Oh, Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor; I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. Oh, Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thineague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man i' th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book; I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster. I afeard of him?—a very weak monster.—The man i' th' moon?—A most poor credulous monster. Well-drawn monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster—a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink:
An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries.

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow; and I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee to clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee young sea-mells from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king, and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by-and-by again.

[*CALIBAN* sings drunkenly.]
Farewell, Master; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal.

*No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
'Ban 'Ban, Ca-Caliban
Has a new master—get a new man.*

Freedom, heyday! heyday, freedom! freedom! heyday,
freedom!

Ste. Oh, brave monster! lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Enter FERDINAND (bearing a log).*

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and their labour

Delight in them sets off. Some kinds of baseness Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters Point to rich ends. This my mean task Would be as heavy to me as odious, but The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead, And makes my labours pleasures. Oh, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed; And he's composed of harshness. I must remove Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness

Had ne'er like executor. I forget; But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours; Most busiless, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA and PROSPERO.

Mir. Alas! now pray you, Work not so hard. I would the lightning had Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile! Pray, set it down and rest you; when this burns 'Twill weep for having wearied you; my father Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.

Fer.

Oh, most dear mistress,

The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good-will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers),
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—Oh, my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil. But you, oh, you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty

— — — — —

in the last 20 years for that.
The world is given up to hypocrisy,
Corruption, falsehood, vice, wealth and
greed, and all the rest.
There is no longer a true way.

— — — — —
Sunday, freedom! freedom! holiday!
— — — — — and the way. (Clement)

421 61

— — — — —
William Brewster (having a dig).
— — — — — Some sports are painful; and their
— — — — — ends are off. Some kinds of business
— — — — — are poor masters
— — — — — and my master task
— — — — — is to catch them.
— — — — — I have to kill what's dead,
— — — — — like the in-
— — — — —sects, and then my father's enabled
— — — — — to eat them. I return
— — — — — them and put them up
— — — — — in sweet misery
— — — — — in my work, and says such bus-

— — — — — I forget;
— — — — — and he even releases my labour;

— — — — — and Peacock.

— — — — — Alas! now pray you,
— — — — — that I may live. If could the lightning had
— — — — — struck me down that you are enjoin'd to piled
— — — — — me up, and said you, when this burns
— — — — — away, say for nothing worried you; my father
— — — — — is dead; therefore pray now, and yourself,
— — — — — that you be free from these bonds.

— — — — — Oh, most dear mistress,

Mir.

My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now, fare-
well
Till half an hour hence.*Fer.* A thousand! thousand! [*Exeunt.**Pros.* So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*SCENE II.—*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, TRINCULO.**Ste.* Tell not me; when the butt is out we will drink
water—not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board
'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.*Trin.* Servant-monster? the folly of this island.
They say there's but five upon this isle; we are three
of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state
totters.*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy
eyes are almost set in thy head.*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he were a
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.*Ste.* My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in
sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam,
ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues
off and on by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant,
monster, or my standard.*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.*Ste.* We'll not run, monsieur monster.*Trin.* Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs and
yet say nothing neither.*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st
a good moon-calf.*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in

case to justle a constable. Why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree. The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I. Kneel, and repeat it; I will stand and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; A sorcerer that, by his cunning, hath cheated me Of the island.

Ariel. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou! I would my valiant master would destroy thee. I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, By this hand I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle. From me he got it. If thy greatness will, Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'st; But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ariel. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch! I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not show him Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger. Interrupt the monster one word further, and by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ariel Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that. As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too?

A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' th' afternoon to sleep. There thou may'st brain him, Having first seized his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his weasand with thy knife. Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not One spirit to command. They all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burn but his books; He has brave utensils (for so he calls them), Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal. And that most deeply to consider is The beauty of his daughter; he himself

Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman
But only Sycorax, my dam, and she ;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass ?

Cal. Ay, lord ; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man. His daughter and
I will be king and queen (save our graces !), and Trin-
culo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the
plot, Trinculo ?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand ; I am sorry I beat thee.
But, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half-hour will he be asleep ;
Wilt thou destroy him then ?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ariel. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry. I am full of pleasure ;
Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere ?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason—
Any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em ; and skout 'em, and flout 'em :
Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

Ste. What is this same ?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the
picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou bé'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness.
If thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. Oh, forgive me my sins !

Ste. He that dies pays all debts. I defy thee.
Mercy upon us !

Cal. Art thou afeard ?

Ste. No, monster ; not I.

Cal. Be not afeard ; the isle is full of noises,

PLATE 32

CALIBAN, STEFANO, AND TRINCULO
(ARIEL INVISIBLE)

The Tempest, act iii., scene ii.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys

Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last. No matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy;
claps his wings upon the table, and, by a quaint device,
the banquet vanishes.

Ariel. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at-stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume. My fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember

(For that's my business to you) that you three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero,
 Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him, and his innocent child. For which foul deed
 The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonzo,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
 Lingering perdition (worse than any death
 Can be at once) shall step by step attend
 You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
 (Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
 Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's sorrow
 And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the shapes again, and dance with mocks and mowes, and carry out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring.
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
 In what thou hadst to say. So, with good life,
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
 In their distractions. They now are in my power,
 And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
 Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd)
 And his and my loved darling.

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
 In this strange stare?

Alon. Oh, it is monstrous! monstrous!
 Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
 The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
 The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
 Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
 And with him there lie muddled.

[*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
Ant. I'll be thy second. [*Exeunt.*
Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great
guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

Pros. If I have too austerely punished you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. Oh, Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her of,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my guest, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
 Our worser genius can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust, to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration,
 When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd
 Or night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke;
 Sit, then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
 What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last ser-
 vice

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
 In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
 Incite them to quick motion; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ariel. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ariel. Before you can say, *Come*, and go,
 And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so,*
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mowe.
 Do you love me master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
 Till thou dost hear me call.

Ariel. Well I conceive. *Exit.*

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
 Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
 To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
 Or else, good-night your vow!

Fcr. I warrant you, sir,

The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly.

No tongue; all eyes; be silent.

[*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfey mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilded brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom
groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air. The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and, with her sovereign
grace,

[*Juno descends.*

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: here peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Ceres. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down.
Rich scarf to my proud earth. Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,

And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Ceres. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandall'd company
I have forsown.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have
done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid.
Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars' hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Ceres. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour'd in their issue. [They sing.

SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Ceres. Earth's increase, and foison plenty;
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Makes this place Paradise.

[*JUNO and CERES whisper and send IRIS on employment.*

Pros. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering
brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance, towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. Well done; avoid; no more.

the first time in the history of education.

It is a great day for us all.

The country has
been greatly improved.
The school has been
well attended and
the children have
been well educated.

It is a great day for us all.

The country has been greatly improved.
The school has been well attended and
the children have been well educated.

The country has been greatly improved.
The school has been well attended and
the children have been well educated.

It is a great day for us all.
The school has been well attended and
the children have been well educated.

It is a great day for us all.
The school has been well attended and
the children have been well educated.

It is a great day for us all.
The school has been well attended and
the children have been well educated.

It is a great day for us all.
The school has been well attended and
the children have been well educated.

It is a great day for us all.
The school has been well attended and
the children have been well educated.

It is a great day for us all.
The school has been well attended and
the children have been well educated.

It is a great day for us all.
The school has been well attended and
the children have been well educated.

It is a great day for us all.
The school has been well attended and
the children have been well educated.

Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music; so I charmed their ears
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins. At last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ariel. I go, I go. [Exit.]

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.—Come, hang on them this line.

Enter ARIEL laden with glistening apparel, &c. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
not hear a footfall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harm-
less fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack
with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which
my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should
take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance; therefore speak softly,
All's hushed as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool.

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here, This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter; Do that good mischief which may make this island Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. Oho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery: O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let's alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet (monster). Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't; wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. *Steal by line and level* is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ariel. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury! Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make
them

Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ariel. Hark, they roar.

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Enter PROSPERO (in his magic robes) and ARIEL.*

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ariel. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ariel. Confined together
 In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;
 Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir,
 In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell.
 They cannot budge till you release. The king,
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;
 And the remainder mourning over them,
 Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
 Him that you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo* ;
 His tears run down his beard like winter's drops
 From eaves of reeds : your charm so strongly works
 'em
 That, if you now beheld them, your affections
 Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

Ariel. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
 Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
 Of their afflictions ? and shall not myself,
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
 Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art ?
 Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
 quick,
 Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part : the rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance : they, being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel ;
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

Ariel. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
 groves,
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
 When he comes back ; you demy-puppets, that
 By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight-mushrooms ; that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid

(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
 Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
 Have I made shake ; and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar. Graves, at my command,
 Have waked their sleepers; oped and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 I here abjure ; and, when I have required
 Some heavenly music (which even now I do)
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book.

[*Solemn music.*

Here enters ARIEL before ; then ALONZO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO. They all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed ; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! There stand,
 For you are spell-stopp'd.
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace ;
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. Oh, good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st ; I will pay thy graces
 Home, both in word and deed. Most cruelly
 Did thou, Alonzo, use me and my daughter :

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
 You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who with Sebastian
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art! Their understanding
 Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shores
 That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
 I will disease me, and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit,
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

[ARIEL sings, and helps to attire him.

SONG.

*Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip bell I lie:
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 After summer, merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss
 thee;
 But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so—
 To the king's ship, invisible as thou art.
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,
 Being awake, enforce them to this place;
 And presently, I prithee.

Ariel. I drink the air before me and return
 Or ere your pulse twice beat. [Exit.
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
 Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
 Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir king,
 The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.

PLATE 34

THE SPELL

The Tempest, act v., scene i.

SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE.

With a blemish to the eye,
Which may salvation. Heath and blood
Are that preventeth us.
And misery with frowning
Frowns on us; therefore are we stricken
With such a dire mischance. I do long for them
To come here unto us. Their understanding
Is full, and they apprehend the
Cause of the miserable disease
We have, and ready. Not one of them
But would know me. And,
I have no more in my will—
Myself present.

— — — — —

41. *ANTONIO*

SHAKESPEARE.

— — — — —

— — — — —

— — — — —

— — — — —

— — — — —

PLATE 35

MIRANDA AND FERDINAND

The Tempest, act v., scene i.

THE HISTORY OF MARY ROSE

I am now for a while
in a very uncomfortable position; and I must
not be good for a while.
I will speak
of what I have thought of you, of your soft grace,
and the love I bear for the gentle old
and myself content.

You the like but I
Am great to me, so that I much suspectable
make this dear but false I mean much weaker
you may well be consider poor, but I
will not say so to my daughter.

A thousand?
I would that they were more, and we should
have more, and more there would also more friends
and more friends in the world here
and my son too. When do you leave your ship?

By this hallowyness a thousand thousand
under do so much pleasure
I have had this year and this year
in the place of fresh, fresh words
and new friends. But I beseeche you here
to let me know when you come
again, and when you stay
at home, who will stay
there, and when you will be
so much out of this
place, and when you
are back again
again. Welcome, sir
How have I these accendances
and these friends. Pray you, come in
again, and when you have great me again,
it will be a good a thing
as ever I had, to chaffe you
and to have my freedom.

Alon. These are not natural events ; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awake'd ; straightway at liberty,
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master
Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ariel. Was't well done ?

Pros. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of. Some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business. At pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly single, I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents. Till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit ;
Set Caliban and his companions free.
Untie the spell.—How fares my gracious sir ?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself ; for all is but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster Coragio !

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed !
How fine my master is ! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha !
What things are these, my lord Antonio ?
Will money buy 'em ?

Ant. Very like. One of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch ; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robbed me ; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own ; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler ?
Seb. He is drunk now. Where had he wine ?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should
they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em ?
How cam'st thou in this pickle ?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you
last that I fear me will never out of my bones. I shall
not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano ?
Ste. Oh, touch me not. I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.

Pros. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah ?
Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell.

Take with you your companions : as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass

Was I to take this island for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence and beseech your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or send it rather.

Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell where you shall take your rest
For this one night: which part of it I'll waste
With such discourse as I no doubt shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life.

And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these, our dear beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all,
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel—chick—
That is thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

*Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now 'tis true
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;*

*But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.*

[Exit.]

END OF VOL. I.



PLATE 36

PROSPERO AND ARIEL

The Tempest, act v., scene 1.

